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J.D. 1925

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THE STUDENTS OF
MONTGOMERY
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Neill S. Owen

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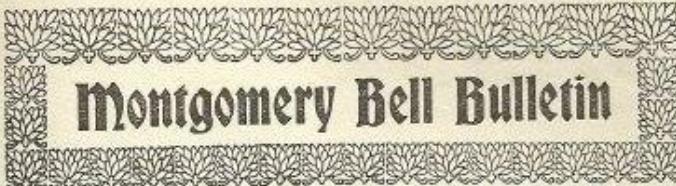
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Montgomery Bell Bulletin

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No. 3

Dawn from Pinnacle

The sounds of night have ceased, a hush prevails,
A silence through which wisps of mist arise
As if from elfin caldrons, though unseen
Save by the stars slow paling in the skies.

Then one by one uncertain forms appear,
As imperceptibly the dark doth go.
The fairy smoke is wreathed into a fog
Which buries in its folds the vales below.

A little cloud, its breast full swelled with joy,
Is first to greet the sun; then softened light,
The colors of the master hand, doth gild
The clouds with burnished gold and amber bright.

Then stretching far below, a sea of white,
Whose soundless billows beat the foliated shore
Of phantom isles, that changing with the tide
Seem rugged mountains high and isles no more.

Upon a mighty mass of earth upreared
I sit; my gaze roves far across the land.
I watch the sun's red disc roll slowly up,
And contemplate the wonders of His hand.

JOHN A. BALL, '25.

Otis in Cuba

Otis Jackson Brown, last heard of as the chauffeur of a rich family in Louisville, after riding the brake beams of a camel train, succeeded in landing in the "wet" and beautiful city of Havana.

"Gosh, Miss Agnes, dese people mus' all be tongue-tied. Yo' can't understand whut dey say."

Rounding a corner suddenly he collided with a dusky individual of his own race who immediately pushed him to a seat in the gutter with the sullen words:

"Watch whur yo' nose is leading you, nigger."

As Otis looked up he identified his assailant as his enemy, the husband of the fat lady in Louisville, and a pleading look came on his face.

His enemy addressed him with: "Does I recernize you or does I not? I does. You is de nigger whut insulted my wife."

Otis' heart sank, but he saw a member of the Cuban police force watching them suspiciously from the corner down the street. It gave him an idea. He had to rid himself of his enemy.

"Say, nigger, I shoots dis qua'ter. Does I get it faded?" he asked.

"It's already faded, nigger; roll dem bones."

"Le's us go down dis alley den." Saying this he led his opponent into the alleyway.

Otis adroitly placed the other negro with his back to the entrance of the alley. In a moment, as the cop stuck his head around the corner, he heard:

"Aw right, nigger, yo qua'ter's faded. Shoot."

Otis had timed it just right. He made a grab for his money and started picking them up and laying them down for a place of safety as the cop grabbed his surprised enemy.

Five minutes later he came to a stop beside a bench in a public park and seated himself. He picked up an evening

"They would burn the house, take all the valuables and maybe kill all of us."

"Good goshness!" Otis groaned with a look of horror on his face.

That night he thought aloud while pulling off his clothes:

"Great grief! Su'posen dose here bandits was to come to-night and burn our houses and take us niggers off and torture us in a hidden cave somewhere. Oh-h-h-h-h golly!"

At last he went to sleep, only to be awakened by the scream of a maid downstairs. The dreaded bandits had arrived. His hair stood on end, and with a grab at his clothes he made a mad rush down the stairs. As he came to the door his lowered head rammed into the midriff of the leader of the bandits himself, who immediately collapsed like an accordion, with a sound such as is made by a blown-out tire. The chief's astonished followers, seeing their leader fall, and a negro, apparently mad, in his white B. V. D.'s bearing down upon them, howling all the time, were not very brave. It was enough for them. They turned and ran for what they thought was their life. Otis was unaware that he was running in the same direction as the bandits. As luck would have it, Mr. Woods ran out with a pistol in his hand in time to see the fleeting forms headed toward the cemetery. Otis' only thought was to pass that bullet that he thought he heard pass him. On and on he ran. He ran at top speed for a short time, but it seemed like ages to him. At last he came to a concrete wall, which brought him to a stop.

"Ef I kin git over this wall maybe dey'll not find me," he said to himself.

He climbed into a tree and hung out over the wall. It was still pitch dark and Otis couldn't see where he would drop, but thought of the bandits allayed this fear, so he turned loose, down, down, feet first. Such a loud crash and rattle as he landed! He was up to his waist in dry sticks or something. He felt about him and his hand encountered a spherical shape. He was trying to find out what it was

when the moon came suddenly from behind a cloud. Horrors! A human skull! He looked around him; he was surrounded by hundreds of skeletons. His hair straightened permanently and he shrieked:

"Gosh, Saint Peter! What I done to be sent to hell fo'?"

He was a prisoner among an army of skeletons. His master found him hours later in the inside corner of the gate of what was the Spanish boneyard, the place where they throw the human skeletons when the rent on their graves has run out.

"There you are, old fellow. I've been looking everywhere for you. That was a bully fight you put up last night when you ran those bandits away and knocked out their leader. I am going to reward you well."

Otis gazed at his boss.

"But I didn't—"

"Yes, you did, and this check for one hundred dollars will prove my gratitude and your value."

"Great grief! Us buy us a di'mond stud now," he said, gleefully.

PAUL SYKES, '25.

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Speaking of Thrills—

Some people say life is too humdrum to suit them—that there are no thrills left in this old world. Others say this life is full of thrills—they are the rare exceptions. And still others say that one has to hunt for thrills if he is to find them. These people are right, life does hold thrills for us if we look for them; it holds all the thrills that are good for us, and sometimes more.

This was the topic of conversation one evening at a house party given by Mary Clayton at her father's country home, and as conversation sometimes does, it was becoming a bit out of the question. John Raymond had just finished a wild tale—of course he was the hero; maybe to impress Mary, who knows—of how he had once found a thrill in Chinatown of New York City. Several winks were exchanged by the boys, the girls gave a sigh of relief when he finished, and Mary's father only said, "Humph!" and walked away to finish his after-dinner cigar.

"Well," said John, after he saw his stay wasn't taking so well, "Let's hunt for some thrills. You say they can be found if you hunt for 'em. Why not start hunting?"

"A lot o' thrills you would find," said Mary's younger brother Sam, with a bit of irony; "and besides, there ain't no such around this old house." Mary's hard look put a stop to "younger brother's" sarcastic slams—she might tell Ma. He'd better shut up before he started.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Mary, trying to relieve the situation. "Let's go to the Haunted House. Speaking of thrills, we may find some there."

"A haunted house!" cried several almost in unison.
"Where?"

"I don't know much about it," explained Mary, "but I'll call Dad; he can tell you all about it. He's the one that told me. Wait a minute." She got up gracefully, skipped over to the door and called her father, who seemed surprised that he was wanted to join their circle of conversation.

"Tell them about the Haunted House, Dad," pleaded Mary.

"I don't know much about it," began Mr. Clayton, "except what I was told when I bought this place. They say—and you know, 'they,' used in that sense, is the biggest liar unhung, sometimes—a man was murdered there some years ago. A dreadful death he must have suffered. He was strangled to death, the way the story goes." At this point he stopped, shook the ashes from his cigar and looked at the gathering. He smiled just a little at the hungry way they seemed to be listening.

"Go on, Mr. Clayton," urged one of the girls. "Tell us all about it."

"Well," he continued with a chuckle. "As I understand it, this man's ghost still haunts the place, preying on everybody that comes near. He seems to be trying to find the ones who killed him. They say he strangles everybody he catches—letting no one go—as if he was afraid he would miss the guilty party."

"It's awful to listen to the way the natives around here tell about it. None of them will go near the place. To hear 'em talk would almost make you believe there really is a ghost there. It makes cold chills run up and down my back to think about it."

"No haunted house for me," one girl assured them.

"To the contrary," said John, "I think I would like to visit the place."

"So would I,"—"Me too,"—"Count me in,"—and similar remarks could be heard all around the room.

"Ain't he brave?" whispered Sam to the boy next to him, but loud enough to be heard by both John and Mary. This remark was unanswered—his wit, really funny, as he thought, was unnoticed.

"You kids had better stay away from that place," said Mr. Clayton. "There's no telling what may happen there."

"You mean we can't go, Dad?" asked Mary, with a look of disappointment.

"No, not that," answered Mr. Clayton, "I meant it for advice only. You can go if you want to. Excuse me, will you, folks, and I will go back out on the porch and finish this cigar" and he left the room.

"Now, what do you say?" asked Mary. "I think maybe we'll have a thrill after all."

"I think we shall pay this terrible place a visit," proposed John.

"I think it would be loads of fun," said another.

"Then we'll plan this thrill hunt for tomorrow night," said Mary. "Let's not talk about it any more now; it makes shivers run all over me. Sam, start the 'Vic,' put on a snappy record. Come on, bunch, let's dance."

The Victrola was started, the boys and girls started dancing, and Sam made his exit with another boy. Quite mysteriously they slipped through the kitchen, walked down toward the garden to the lawn swing and sat down. "What do you want with me, Sam," asked Richard Martin after they had comfortably seated themselves.

"What do you think of John Raymond," asked Sam.

"He's all right, I suppose. Just a big liar."

"Well, he hates himself too much to suit me. Did you notice the way he upped and said he would like to go to the haunted house?"

"Yes. Mostly for Mary's benefit, too, I think."

"Why couldn't we arrange it so that he would enjoy his visit? Why couldn't we really let him meet a ghost there?"

"What do you mean? Ain't there already a ghost there now?"

"Say, use common sense; you don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"No. But Mr. Clayton said—"

"Rats on what Mr. Clayton said. There ain't any more ghost there than there is here. But there will be when brave John gets there."

"Who'll be the ghost?"

"You!"

"Me?"

"Yes, you!"

"Not so you could notice it! I don't crave to be a ghost. You ain't talking to me!"

"Now listen," continued Sam, disregarding Dick's protest, "You get sick to-night sometime, and to-morrow say you've got to go home—and be sure and not let them talk you into staying, and—"

"I get your idea, but—"

"No 'buts' to this. Wait 'till I get through. Then go to the Haunted House and be on the receiving list for our dear friend, John."

"Aw, Sam! You don't expect me to go to that place alone, do you?"

"Look here, baby! Don't you know there ain't no ghost there. There's nothing that'll hurt you. Won't you do it?"

"I know, but—"

"But nothing. Will you do it?"

"I guess so."

"That's the way to talk. I would myself, but under the circumstances I can't. Now come on; let's go back into the house before they miss us—and before you change your mind. As soon as you get inside start getting sick. See?"

"I suppose so," was the unwilling answer.

The next night about 8:30 all was in readiness to start the "thrill hunt," so they were now calling it. Dick had been taken dreadfully ill and had to go home. Sam was all smiles. Someone mentioned carrying a gun—that was overruled by Mr. Clayton; no guns were to be used on this hunt. "Thrills don't have to be shot," he said; "and besides, it's against the law."

They started out all in a bunch, but finally paired off in couples, John and Mary bringing up the rear. "This ain't no necking party," called Sam, when they seemed to be getting too far behind. "Come on; join the bunch."

"Will you shut up!" called back Mary.

However, they came on up and walked with the rest.

Many things were discussed during the tramp of about a half mile to the Haunted House. Possibilities of all kinds

presented themselves as they talked, of someone being killed by the ghost, or maybe they could catch the ghost. There seemed to be no one who desired to manhandle a ghost, so the subject was dropped cold.

There was the house! A sinister looking place it was, sitting a quarter of a mile from the road—which, by the way, was a back road, very little traveled. A dreary, melancholy, old haunted house it was, which seemed to make the heart beat a trifle too fast.

They looked on the scene before them, upon the ghostly appearance of a few half rotted tree trunks, while the others were in full foliage, casting dismal shadows all around. The house itself seemed like some crouching beast ready to spring on its prey. The vacant and eye-like windows reflecting the moonlight at different angles, seemed like the fiery eyes of some fiend.

There was a sinking, sickening sensation—there seemed to be "a still small voice" telling them not to go any closer—but yet—. Cold chills could be felt by more than one. They bunched closer together and walked slowly down the unkempt walkway. Not a word was passed. Were they afraid? No, that was not it—but what was it?

At the steps they stopped, as if to let someone else be the first to enter. Mary broke the ghostly silence. "Have you got that flashlight, Sam?" Her voice was none too steady.

"Yes. Here it is," he answered. His voice too, seemed to be in accordance with the occasion.

"John, you take it, and we'll go in first," said Mary. John hesitated, but took the light and started in. A nervous, high-strung party followed.

There was nothing in the big room, into which they entered, to frighten them so much. The floor was covered with dust, the plastering on the walls was off in spots, which seemed to give the appearance of something white, but nothing to be afraid of. They passed on into the next room, looked around, and started into the next, when, "Who-o-o-o—o-o Who-o-o-o Who-o-o-o-o-o," such a moaning

sound it was! A door slammed. Everyone seemed to be glued to his tracks—a girl screamed. "Who-o-o-o," came the voice again. This time it seemed to come from upstairs.

Something white appeared in the doorway. "Who-o-o-o," it moaned in the most blood-curdling manner. Somewhere upstairs another door slammed. This thing in white turned and looked toward the stairs. Nothing but dead silence; no one made a sound.

A scream rang out—it came from overhead. Something came falling down the stairs—a small wash stand or something. Then that deadly silence again.

Something else, clad in a long white robe, could be seen at the head of the stairs. It let loose another scream. It sounded like a woman in distress.

Dick had had enough; he threw off his sheet. John threw the flash on him and he was recognized at once. "Good Lord, Sam! Look!" he pointed toward the stairs. This thing, whatever it was, seemed to be floating down the stairs, slowly, slowly, onward it came. Dick broke in a run, the crowd followed.

Down the walkway they fled; fear seemed to give them speed. They were about two hundred feet away when they heard another scream. John turned and looked back; he was just in time to see this white something snatch Mary back into the house.

"Stop!" cried John. "That thing back there has Mary!" The gang stopped, looked around, and sure enough, Mary was missing.

John started back to the house in a run. He was followed by most of the boys. Some felt it their duty to stay with the girls—maybe. He reached the steps, and was in the house in a flash. He threw his light straight in front of him—he saw a door slowly closing. He rushed to it; it was locked. When the others reached him they broke it down, but the white thing was gone, and with it Mary had also disappeared.

They hunted through the house from top to bottom, but no trace of Mary could be found. Where was she? Had she

been strangled too? Was she to face that horrible death?
It was uncanny—where did she go?

By this time the rest of the bunch had joined in the search. But search as they might, they could not find Mary. "Let's go to a 'phone and call the cops," suggested Sam.

"Where is a 'phone?" he was asked.

"The nearest one is back home."

"Then let's go to it!" cried John.

For the second time that night they had left the Haunted House on a run, but this time they were not stopped by a scream. But when they came to the gate, there hung Mary's coat on the post. That was all, just Mary's coat.

"Look!" cried Dick.

"Oh, Lord! She's been killed sure," exclaimed Sam.

"Well," someone said, "let's get to a 'phone quick—we've got to do something."

Again they broke in a run. John Raymond was thinking hard now. Why did he insist on this fool trip, anyway? Oh! And to think Mary had said, "Yes," this very afternoon. It was more than he could stand! Why didn't he stay with Mary! Yes, he was the cause of it all. Why did he let her get behind?

They were nearing the house now. Only a few more yards and they would be at a 'phone. Oh! If the police would only be able to do something! Suppose Mary could not be found? Was it just that she should be made a victim in such a cold-blooded murder as this? Why didn't they take Mr. Clayton's advice, and stay away from that place? They rushed into the house, snapped on a light—and there was Mary!

She broke into a laugh, "Did you get your thrill, John?"

"Mary! We thought you were dead." Everyone stood motionless.

"Jumping grasshoppers!" cried Dick. "Where did you come from?"

"This is a good one on you," said Mary. "Father and I had it all planned to give you a thrill."

PAUL TURNER, '25.

The Bully of the Dormitory

On the campus of a large school in the South a big robust boy of about eighteen stood watching a group of smaller boys.

These small boys were playing at the edge of a terrace. If you had been watching the big boy closely, you would have seen an evil smile flicker across his face. He started toward these small boys and began to tease them about being too big to play such a childish game, and of course it made the small boys mad, so one little fellow asked the big boy what business it was of his.

Now the big boy, thinking this was a good time, said he would make it some of his business, and he deliberately knocked the little fellow off the terrace. His face was scratched and hurting awfully. As he looked up, he saw the bully looking down at him, laughing as if he was seeing the best show in the world. But the big fellow's joy was short lived, for a big hand descended on his shoulder, knocking him sprawling over the terrace, and he landed mostly on his face.

He soon got up and looked around as if he wanted to fight, but when he saw the big broad shouldered boy on the terrace with his quiet smile, the bully started toward his dormitory and now the little fellow's day had come. Looking back at the group he shook his fist and disappeared into the building. Now the little fellow of the terrace and the bully lived on the same floor of the north dormitory and the bully decided to get revenge, as he blamed the little fellow for his trouble.

On the following day the bully had his chance. Everybody was off the hall except the little fellow and several other boys. The bully went to the little fellow's room and picked him up, and in spite of the little fellow's efforts to make him leave him alone, carried him to the shower room and there he turned on the cold shower. The little boy by this time was begging and pleading to be let alone, but the bully ignored his pleading and thrust him under the shower.

Spring will be here before long, and nothing is prettier than M. B. A. in the Springtime of the year with its wonderful old trees, its grass, and its shrubbery blossoming forth. Don't throw anything that you may have just where you may happen to be. Don't let someone else do it. And then when Spring does roll around again we will have what is really ours, the most beautiful place in West End.

Another thing that is injuring the campus, chiefly around the building, is the parking of cars on the grass at the side of the road instead of on the road itself, thus causing deep ruts and holes in the ground, especially during these winter months. At this time of the year the ground is frozen almost every night. A car runs on it the next morning and by the time it is ready to be moved the ground has thawed out and a deep rut is caused by the sinking of the wheels into the soft and muddy soil. The campus is thus left with a series of tracks that resemble some railroad yard, if the comparison may be used, and no grass will grow in those places, owing to the deep ruts.

We admit, that there are more students in school who have cars this year than ever before, and we also admit that we are very limited on parking space. However, we do believe that if an honest effort were made those boys with cars could find a place on the road somewhere, and not the first place they come to on the campus.

WE WANT A GYMNASIUM

This is an old subject that has been argued and written so much that it has become tiresome. I mean the arguing, not the subject, for what I am going to write about is the Gymnasium. As long as there has been a Montgomery Bell

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Academy on the Harding Road, the boys, professors, and every one connected with the school, except the trustees, have wanted a Gym.

Maybe if we had the trustees at a Literary Society Meeting we might be able to convince them, but they will not give us that chance. So I am going to take this chance and tell them how badly we need one.

We have a good basket ball team as it is, but just think how much better it would be if we had our own Gym to practice in; and not only that, but it would give the little boys a chance to play; and thus when they grow up they will be well fitted to play on our big team. Another thing: there are a great many boys in the school who do not get a chance to exercise and a Gym would furnish them an opportunity. The old shower and locker rooms are in a bad condition, and a new Gym would be fitted out with new ones. We wish the trustees would pay us a visit in a body and look over our needs.

The campus of Montgomery Bell is in reality a park. We have almost every species of tree that will grow in this climate. It has taken a number of years to grow these and it would be almost impossible to replace them. The boys should take a great deal of interest in this and instead of mutilating the trees should protect them. The trees on the campus hold much attraction for the birds when they are migrating. They stop on the campus and every year build their nests in the trees. Every year we have had many birds' nests on the campus. The birds help to beautify the campus and their nests are of great interest to the boys.

Every year the new boys, seeing these nests, are inclined either to take the eggs or watch the nests so much that the birds do not have time to hatch and raise their young. Another way of running the birds away is by throwing at them. If we do not bother them the campus will be full of nests and birds in the spring.

The senior class has always been the leading body of the school. The different matters that come up before the

school are usually referred to it. The seniors usually start most of the campaigns for the betterment of the school. Last year the senior class furnished the lower floor and erected a beautiful bronze memorial to Richard Call, who would have been a member of that class. The senior class of last year requested that the senior classes each year follow their example. This is a very good example and the school would be greatly benefited if the senior classes would adopt this plan each year. The present senior class should get together right now if they anticipate keeping up the idea of last year's class. The class could add to the furnishings of the lower floor or they could equip the upper floor nicely with electric fixtures which would be of the greatest help to the school. A movement like this requires a great deal of time and the sooner we start, the better for the school and the class. The majority of us seniors will not be here next year and it would be very pleasing to come back and in a few years see the many improvements that have been added to the school.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

Public speaking is an accomplishment and an accomplishment held by comparatively few people. Everybody, some time or other, will be called upon for a speech, to make an announcement, or the like, and nine times out of ten he will be found lacking.

Being able to make a speech or talk in a graceful, easy manner many times has more weight with one's hearers than the words he speaks. To be influential you must be able to speak publicly, to be able to win others over to your way of thinking. To be popular and entertaining one must

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CHARLES M. CARROLL, '16



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have confidence in one's self, and be able to have a ready flow of language, although not necessarily on the stage or platform.

The late war produced many speakers. The Liberty Loans, the Red Cross and innumerable other organizations had to have competent men and women for leaders to conduct drives and make speeches, which was just an instance of where ease and confidence in one's self helped these to help others.

The Greeks, the most civilized people in the ancient world, attached very much importance to public speaking and speeches. At Rome Marc Antony, by his oratory, at the burial of Caesar, won the Roman people back to the government, from distrust back to loyalty to the empire.

Demosthenes, who couldn't speak without stuttering, would stand on the sea shore with his mouth full of pebbles and speak to the sea. But in most cases it is not stuttering, but shyness that troubles us.

The Literary Societies are offered us and if we do not take advantage of this opportunity it is our own fault.

Many excellent speakers have started in this way, and as we all know, Mr. Ball has long been an advocate of these principles. So when you are on duty or in the societies, take the thing seriously and try to make something out of it.

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SPRING

They've set me to writing a poem
on Spring—
Was that the flash of a blue-
bird's wing?
With poems I never could do a
thing—
O, listen, a robin's beginning to
sing.
To write this poem will take a
year—
I'm sure that's a redbird's whis-
tle clear,
It will never be finished at all I
fear—
A catbird is calling from shrub-
bery near.
O, well, I must try. How shall
I begin?
Look, there in the bushes, a little
brown wren!
There's a lark! O, my goodness,
I can't write a thing
For feeling and seeing and lis-
tening to Spring!

CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

These cross-word puzzles drive
me nuts;
I just can't think what's what.
I can't study, I can't write
Or do my work at all at night.
What is a word that means just
one,
Or a word that means a son-of-
a-gun?
I think and think just what to
write
And just can't do my work at
night.
I worry over words in spite
And try to think with all my
might,
But all I do is think and write
And clean forgot my work at
night.
My work in school has fallen
down;
It has almost reached the lowest
ground;
But I'll bet my hat that I am
right—
These cross-word puzzles don't
make one bright.

W. E. Hawkins, '26.

WANDERLUST

Give me a life that's free,
Far o'er the rushing sea;
That's where I long to be—
Ho, for the main!

Boldly the ship doth ride,
Ploughing the hissing tide,
On, with her canvas wide
Winged by the wind.

Dark grows the sky's blue bell,
Leaden the sea's slow swell—
Then breaks a raging hell
Far o'er the waters.

Shriek, spirits of the gale,
Think ye to make me pale?
Sons of Aeolus, hail!
On with the storm.

Then in some fairy cove
Quietly the ship is hove;
On every side Nature's love
Beauty hath strown.

Blue waters, gleaming sands,
Strange isles and foreign lands;
Travel my soul demands —
I wander on—

On to some desert shore
Lulled by the waves' dull roar;
My constant longing o'er,
Leave me to rest.

John A. Ball, '25.

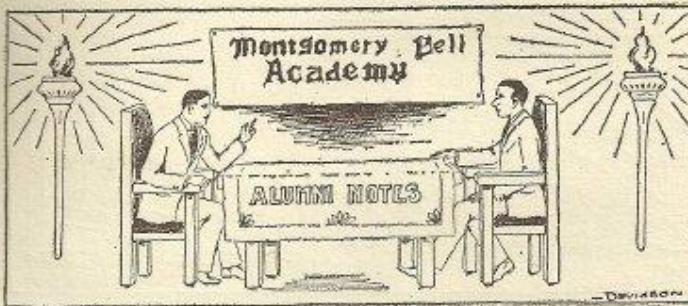
OUR MODERN GIRLS

Very many girls we see;
Many, too, we know;
Some of them look very good
In silk or calico.

Reformers say it is a shame
The way they bob their hair
And stick on powder and red
paint;
And, O, the clothes they wear!

They will, O many, many times
Chase kings or crooks or earls,
And then they long to wed again,
Our lovely modern girls.

Floyd Keene, '26.



J. F. Essary, '99, in a recent election was chosen President of the internationally famous Gridiron Club. He has been for some years the representative of the Baltimore Sun. Mr. Essary went early into journalism, beginning his work here on the Nashville papers. He is also the only man from Tennessee ever to be elected a member of the Gridiron Club, and never before has the presidency of this organization been held by a Southern man.

W. H. Isbell, '04, is an archaeologist. He is a student of the old Maya civilization and ruins at Copan, in Honduras. He is making some very interesting discoveries.

J. M. Stubblefield, '16, who for some years now has been a resident of West Virginia, paid us a pleasant visit recently. He is now in business for himself.

Virgil C. Moore, '16, is settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is engaged in some special work in law and business interests.

John R. Aust, Jr., '16, has been re-elected chief clerk of the House of Representatives, a position ably filled by him at the last session.

J. R. Crutchfield, George Holt, '20, Cushman Radebaugh, '20,

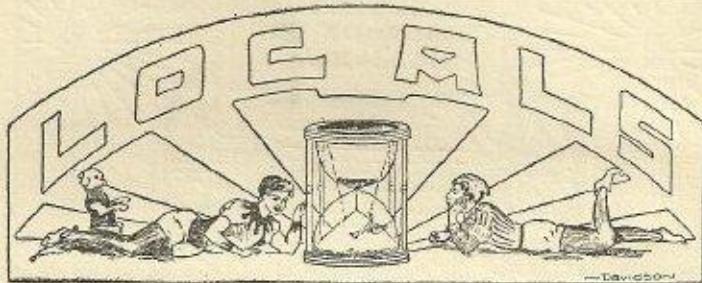
and Albert Roberts, '22, will graduate from the Law Department of Vanderbilt this year, and Robert Curtis, '18, from the Dental Department.

John H. DeWitt, '90, has been elected President of the Nashville Bar Association for the year 1925.

Horace G. Hill, '94, was elected President of the local Y. M. C. A. He has taken a great interest in the work and was elected unanimously. This is the fourth consecutive year he has served as President, and never has the "Y" before been in so flourishing a condition or under such a good business administration.

John M. Barksdale, '20, has been appointed Deputy Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court. After finishing at M. B. A. he took a four-year law course at Vanderbilt.

We record also with sorrow the recent death of R. M. Dudley, '71, one of the best-known and most respected citizens of Nashville. He was president for more than thirty years of the Gray-Dudley Hardware Company, besides being connected with many other business interests in the city.

**PAUL REVERE THE SECOND**

Listen, my boys;
And you shall hear
The midnight ride
Of a second Revere.

He knew all the roads
From city to town,
And did not stop
For up hill or down.

He started as the moon
Came over the hill,
And got his mean liquor
From out of a still.

He rode in a car
Which was built for four,
But bought so much liquor
There was room for no more.

On the half-man
The label told
It was "pre-war" stuff
And "eleven years old."

He drank with a gulp;
O, how he yearned!
Then he ran for water,
For, gosh, how it burned!

He saw in a moment,
And he could tell
He had no more chance
Than a snowball in hell!

He told me to tell you
And the rest of the bunch
To stop drinking anything
But Cumberland punch.

Cohen Williams, '27.

Mr. Lisenby, after describing a circle on the blackboard in plane geometry, "Where is the chord?"

Freshy: "In your hand, sir."

* * *

Mr. Wilson, in chemistry: "Porter, what is an electrolyte, and how is it useful?"

Porter, taking a long guess: "It is a light made in a vacuum and very useful to study by."

Mr. Wilson: "You had better get one then."

* * *

In History V. Mrs. Ball, handing back Louis Edwards' map book: "Zero! Why? You put Switzerland in Africa and France in Spain!"

* * *

Hays Jakes has started training for baseball already. His brother says he pitches seven innings before the mirror every night.

* * *

"Elizabeth, why did you let that officer kiss you?"

"Well, it's against the law to resist an officer, ma'am."

* * *

For some time it has been the custom to appoint a social editor for the Bulletin. We don't know why, but the nominations were deferred until after Christmas. Come on. Nominations are now in order.

* * *

The marriage of Mr. Lynn Bedford and Miss Edna Robert-

son was quietly solemnized at the Clifton Apartments on January 19th. Dr. King officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Bedford wish to thank the school for the beautiful floor lamp.

* * *

Minister (at baptism): "His name, Mrs. Smith?"

Fond Mother: "James Henry Allan Harry William Otis Smith."

Minister (to assistant): "A little more water, please."

* * *

Traveling salesman to conductor: "Say, conductor, what makes this train so slow?"

Conductor: "The engineer is afraid to open her out for fear he'll miss some of the stations."

* * *

Hambone says: "Nevah toot yo' own hawn unless yo' can play a snappy tune."

* * *

On Monday night, February 16th, the Hi Y Club of M. B. A. will give a stunt night at the Y. M. C. A. in order to defray the expenses of the basketball team at the Cotton States Tournament at Auburn. From all indications it will be one of the best amateur shows put on in some time. Let's go, everybody, so we can show Auburn what we put out at M. B. A.

* * *

If ignorance is bliss,
Then why in the world
When exams are on
Do I feel like this
* * ! ? ! ! ?

* * *

Egg: "What are singular verbs?"

Nog: "The verbs that come in my translations."

A TOAST

I

Here's to the flapper,
Lord, help her soul,
She breaks your heart
And spends your roll.

II

Here's to the vampire
Who breaks up your home,
Then laughs in your face
And leaves you to roam.

III

Here's to the "Deb,"
Who is out for her fame;
She's for all she can get,
Including your name.

IV

Here's to the country Jane,
Who waits by the fence.
You try and get funny—
Boy, she's got sense!
Chile Hardin, '26.

* * *

This fight o'er the Darwinian theory
Is making me frightfully weary.
Why should I care a hang
If my ancestors sprang
From a monkey or Dennis O'Leary.
I'm alive, and to me life is merry.

* * *

If "time could turn backward
again in its flight"
And make me a monkey again
for tonight,
I'd hang by my tail
In some tropical vale
And have no English theme for
to write.

* * *

Stranger: "You seem bright.
I suppose you have a good place
in your class?"

Buddy Wilson: "Yes, I sit by
the radiator."

WELCH'S BARBER SHOP

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Raulston (at lunch counter): "Have you any pie today?"

Brown: "No."

Raulston: "Haven't you any chocolate pie?"

Brown: "No!"

Raulston: "Well, give me a piece of cocoanut pie, then."

* * *

Dumbell: "Say, did you know there was one street car in town that you could ride on for six cents?"

Dumb Belle: "No! What is it?"

Dumbell: "The Buena Vista. You pay seven cents when you get on, but when you go by the city dump you get one cent back."

* * *

Jimmy: "Say, fellows, here's another one."

All: "Let's hear it."

Jimmy: "A woman who lived on the side of a mountain was washing clothes in the back yard when a bear came out of his den in the mountain. The bear walked up and watched the woman a minute and said, 'No soap, lady?'"

"The woman said, 'No soap.'

"So the bear went back to his den."

Shag: "Why?"

* * *

Faculty password: "Porter, late."

* * *

Things we like to see:

Jimmy Riddle and his girl on good terms.

Shag Moore serving time.

Mr. Bang and Shade transacting business.

Johnny Dent reported for disorder.

Jacobs addressing the reds.

More pie for a dime.

Dick Skipwith without a "flat."

E. Bradford in Math. 6 class.

* * *

Mr. Bang (to barber): "Give me a haircut."

Barber (much astonished): "Where?"

Mrs. Ball (calling roll): "Bandy."

No answer.

Mrs. Ball: "Is Bandy absent?"

Bandy: "Yes, ma'am."

* * *

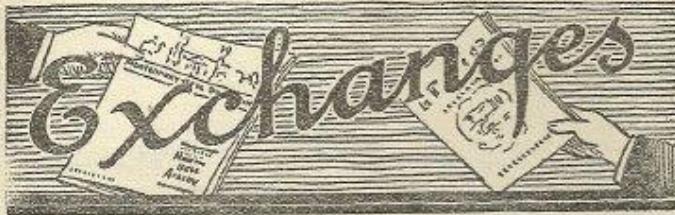
HI Y NOTES

Since the last publication of the Bulletin, the Hi Y Club of M. B. A. has been making rapid strides in all lines. At every meeting much interest is shown, and every member is trying to do his part to make this club the best in the city.

At Christmas the club cared for a needy family that was really destitute. A ton of coal, meat, vegetables, candy, etc., were some of the good things bestowed upon them. All this was gathered up and taken to the family by the boys in a body, many of whom had not seen such real poverty. We certainly felt good after this little act of charity and intend to look after this family throughout the year.

Another recent event was the big father and son banquet which was attended by about five hundred fathers and sons from over the city and which was given under the auspices of the various Hi Y Clubs in the city. From our M. B. A. club was a representative number, among which were members of the faculty and their sons. We also had the honor of having one of our members, Kennedy Jones, make a very delightful after-dinner talk, and all in all a pleasant time was had by all—one which we will long remember.

At present there is a contest on between all the Hi Y Clubs in the city which will end in the awarding of a silver loving cup to the winner. Attendance at meetings and church services, individual services rendered, as well as club services, all count so much, and you can rest assured that we are out to get that cup or know the reason why. Look out all you Hi Y's! M. B. A. wants that cup.



Since the last issue of the Bulletin we have received the following publications:

The Peabody Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Central High School Signal, Central High School, Columbia, Tenn.

The Jester, Columbia University, New York.

The Ward-Belmont Hyphen, Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.

The Purple Parrot, Red Wing High School, Red Wing, Minn.

The Argus, Shelton High School, Shelton, Conn.

The Coffee Pot, Central High School, Manchester, Tenn.

The Babbler, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Whip, Lebanon High School, Lebanon, Tenn.

The Megaphone News, Central High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Central Digest, Central High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Peabody Volunteer is one of the best exchanges that we have. It covers the activities of body unusually well.

The Signal: The arrangement of your paper is very good. We are pleased to see such a full literary department.

The Purple Parrot: Your paper is very good. The crossword puzzle section is especially interesting.

The Central Digest: You have a paper that covers its field as efficiently as any we have seen. Your jokes are unusually good.

* * *

As the Bulletin is seen by others:

Your Bulletin is incomparable. It is the best magazine we have received, both in attractiveness of form and in value of contents.—The Central Digest, Central High School, Chattanooga.

One of the best papers we have received is the Montgomery Bell Bulletin, Nashville, Tenn.—Purple Parrot, Red Wing, Minn.

Clippings

She: "Oh, Carl, there was once a time when you used to lovingly stroke my chin. You don't do it any more."

He: "Yes, but that was when you had only one."—Jester.

* * *

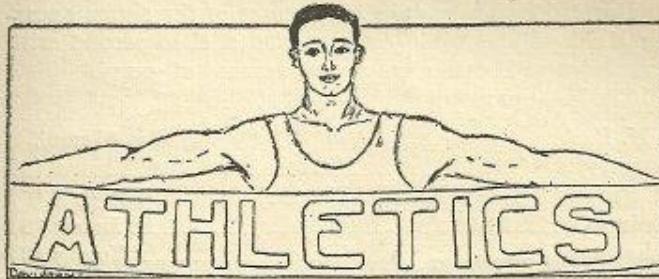
"She has such an interesting face. She looks like a woman who has lived and suffered."

"I fancy she has. For years she managed to squeeze a number four foot into a number two shoe."—Jester.

* * *

Young lady (in distress): "My car's stalled; have you a spare plug?"

Farmer: "Sorry, lady; I don't chaw, but I got an old cigar I kin give you."—Puppet.



This issue contains only a partial record of the basket ball season. It has started well and we hope the pace we have been travelling will not slack till the tournaments are over. Last year brought us the Basket Ball Championship of Tennessee. In many respects our team of this year, in spite of serious losses among our last year's regulars, is better than last year's. We are entering again this year two of the tournaments—the Cotton State Tournament at Auburn, and the Tennessee State Tournament at Nashville. There is stout competition to be encountered in these, but we are ready for it, and hope for the best.

M. B. A., 51; ALUMNI, 18.

In the opening game of the season, M. B. A. easily defeated their alumni, by the score of 51 to 18.

The victory was due largely to the great passing and good goal shooting of Eaton, Hardin and Roberts. Starting about three minutes after the opening of the game, the Maroons soon piled up a large score which was too large for the former students of M. B. A. to overcome. The passing was quick and short, Eaton and Roberts ably assisted by Blair repeatedly slipped behind D. Brown for set-ups.

The latest novelties in wearing apparel for the college man

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Ask HERBERT JOHNSON

Howard Eaton was the high scorer of the alumni, scoring eight points, while Srygley was a close second with six. Herbert Brown gave a good account at guard.

The line-ups:

M. B. A.		Alumni.
Roberts (c) (11)	F	"Wee" Brown (2)
M. Eaton (16)	F	Srygley (6)
Blair (6)	C	H. Eaton (8)
Johnson (4)	G	Young (2)
H. Brown	G	D. Brown

M. B. A., 24; G. H. S., 13.

The Goodlettsville High School was the next victim of the Maroons, the final count being 24 to 13.

The first half of this game was very fast, both teams being erratic in their goal shooting. The period ended 9 and 9. But M. B. A. came into their own in the last half and completely outplayed G. H. S., who counted only 4 points. Captain Roberts, Eaton and Blair, with 6 points each, were the high scorers, while Hatcher, Alden and Wright made the best showing for the Hi team.

M. B. A., 34; PEABODY, 15.

The Maroons successfully started their drive toward the city title by defeating Peabody by the score 34 to 15. The feature of the game was the brilliant showing of the Red and White in the last half.

Peabody displayed a strong attack at the opening of the game and but few points separated the two teams at the close of the first half. Their drive slackened, however, and the Maroons seeped through for many close-in shots. The

DRINK



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stellar defense of the M. B. A. team allowed practically no shots at close range.

Captain Roberts and Maynard Eaton accounted for the greater portion of our points, while Blair added six points to the score. Roberts played a whale of a game, being all over the floor at once. Johnson gave a good exhibition at guard, and Brown fought from the beginning to the end of the game.

Marks, who substituted for Holley, was the star of the Peabody quint. Jimmy Armistead also played a fine game.

M. B. A., 24; HUME-FOGG, 19

M. B. A. humbled Hume-Fogg next by the score of 24 to 19. The Blue and White team played good basketball at times but were never in the class of the Maroons.

The game started with a rush, M. B. A. scoring 9 points before Hume-Fogg found the basket. The three-man offense of the Maroons had the High School team completely baffled, and we were scoring goal after goal at close range, Blair, Eaton and Captain Roberts doing the bulk of the scoring. Earl Blair in this played the best game of his career, scoring 10 points and covering the floor in excellent fashion. Eaton and Roberts, too, deserve much praise for their work, while Brown and Hardin were thorns in the sides of the Blue and White forwards.

The first half ended 14 to 4 in our favor, but the second half saw the Maroons slow up. Hume-Fogg crept to within 3 points of tying the score, when Blair added another goal and the game ended.

Bernard Spain led the Hume-Fogg attack, making many shots from difficult angles. Captain Currin also played well until he was forced out of the game.

All in all the game was a success from our standpoint. However, the score should have been larger.

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CAFES AND STANDS
5c BOTTLE

The line-up:

M. B. A. (24)	Hume-Fogg (19)
Eaton ----- F	Wolfe
Roberts (c) ----- F	Spain
Blair ----- C	Quick
Hardin ----- G	Currin (c)
Brown ----- G	McCall

Substitution—M. B. A., Johnson for Hardin, Hardin for Blair; Hume-Fogg, Goodman, O'Callaghan and Lucas.

M. B. A., 31; CENTRAL HI, 12

M. B. A. easily won from the Central quint in their next game by the score of 31 to 12.

The game may seem one-sided to some by the size of the score, but such was not the case, for Central put up a stubborn game. M. B. A.'s offense worked well in this game and as was the case in preceding games, Blair, Eaton and Roberts, who might well be termed the "three horsemen of the court," starred again. Duggar and Uhlian were the stars of the Central team. The whole M. B. A. second team played the last half, with O. Geny and Macon playing well.

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